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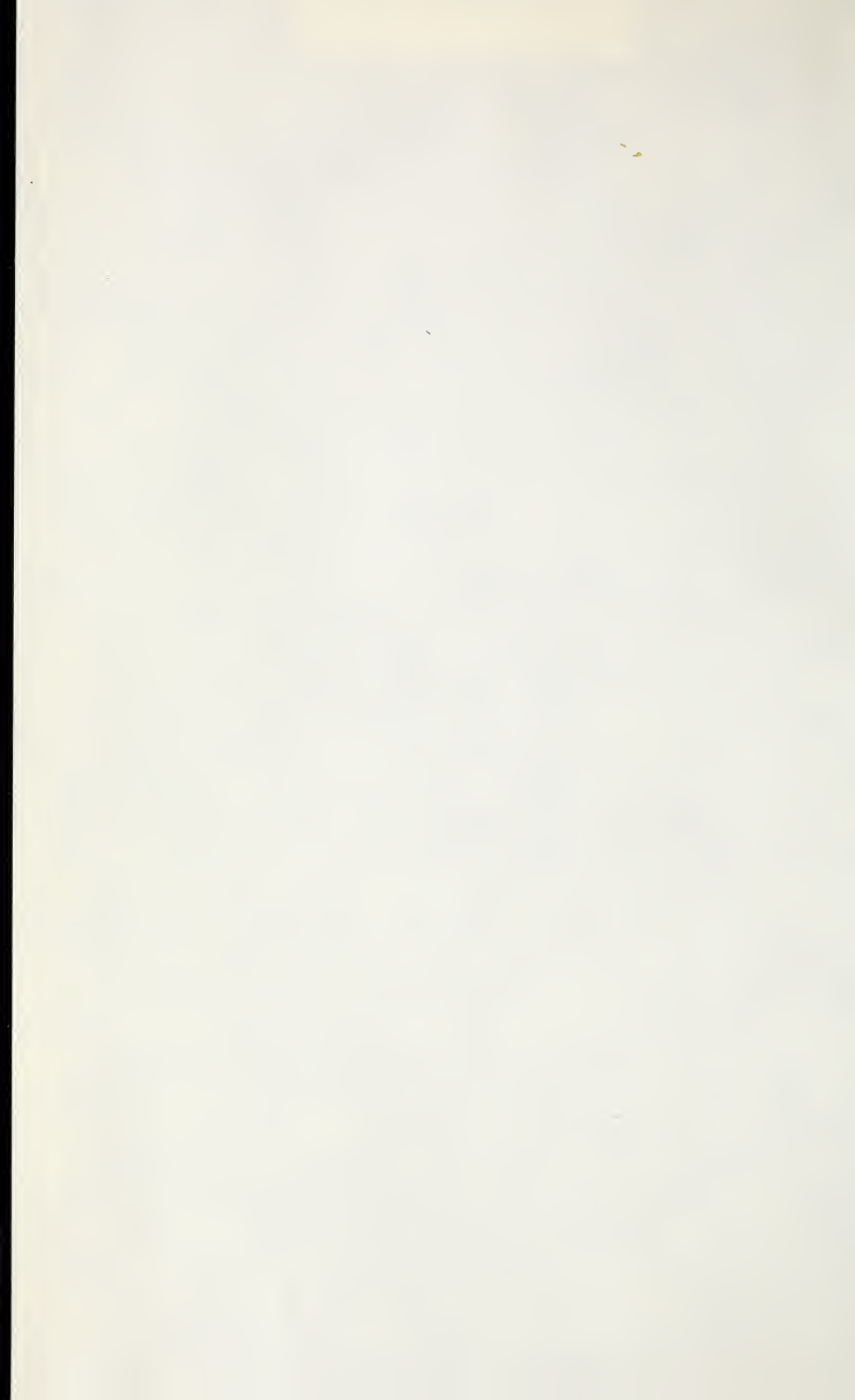
1917

26

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

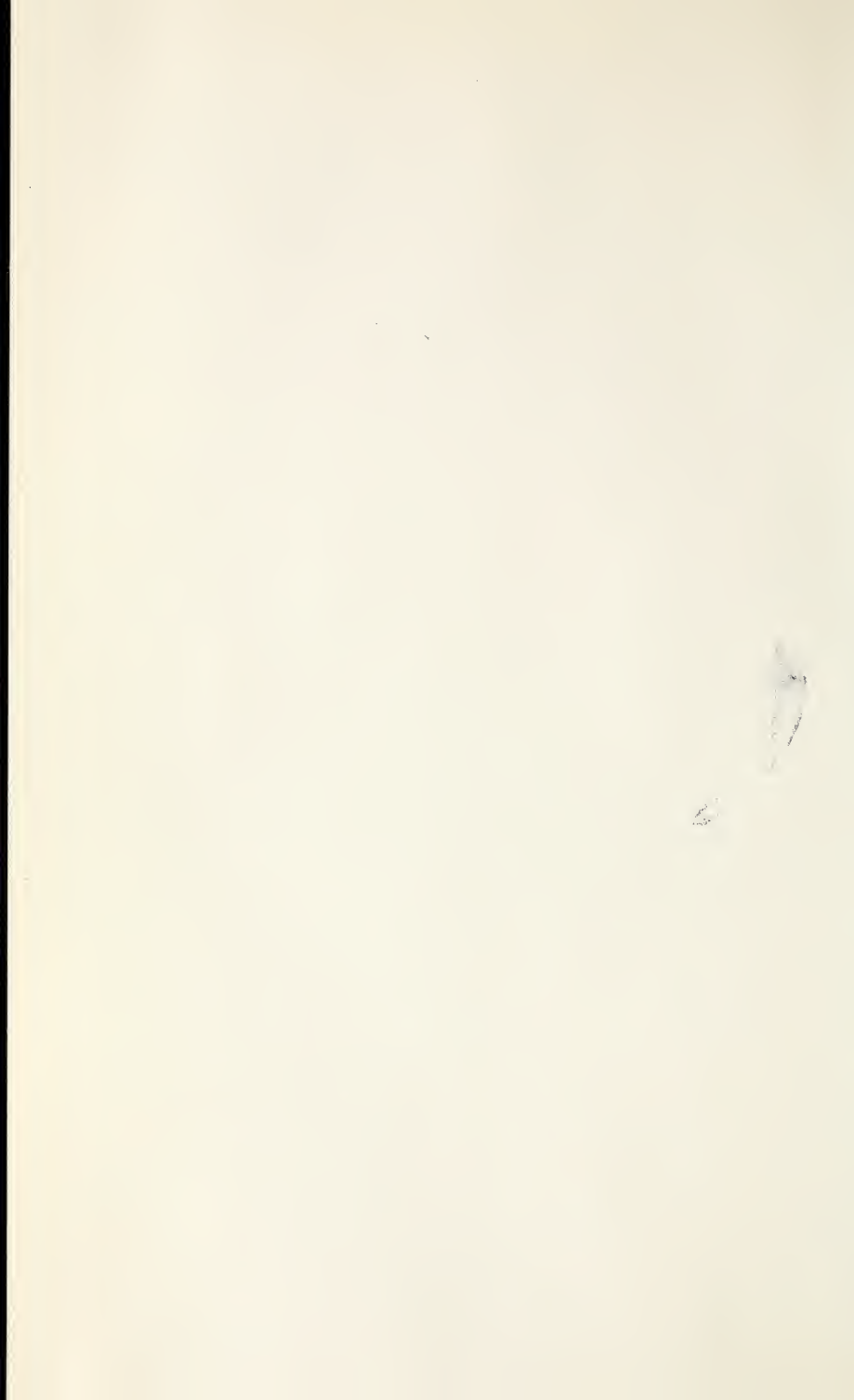


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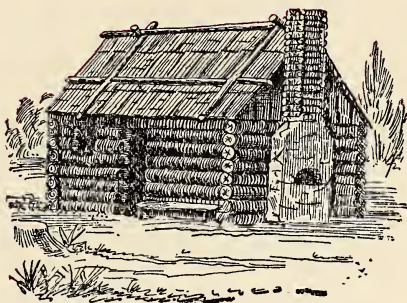




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YEAR BOOK OF THE
OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION



JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA

1916-1917

OFFICERS OF THE
JOHNSON COUNTY OLD SETTLERS'
ASSOCIATION

For the Year 1917

President.....General RICHARD M. HOXIE

Vice-PresidentJOSEPH WALKER

Secretary.....HENRY J. WIENEKE

Treasurer.....O. A. BYINGTON

Necrologist.....Mrs. G. R. IRISH

Editors Year Book

Miss ELIZABETH IRISH, O. A. BYINGTON

Executive Committee:

Miss ELIZABETH IRISH	HORACE SANDERS
EMERY WESTCOTT	J. J. METZGER
R. A. McCHESNEY	JOHN MCCOLLISTER

Date of Annual Meeting for 1917: August 30th

THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA

1917

ANNUAL MEETING OF 1916

The annual Meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Johnson County, Iowa, was held in the City Park on Thursday, September 14th, 1916. The day was fair with a rather uncomfortably cool northwest wind. The attendance at the reunion was unusually large, it being estimated that more than five hundred participated in the picnic dinner on the grounds.

A very interesting program was held at two o'clock in the afternoon. The principal address was given by Hon. William T. Coe, of Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Coe was born and reared on the old Coe farm near Riverside and was well acquainted with many of the pioneers and their families. He gave an address that was largely devoted to reminiscences of the early settlement and development of the county. His address was very interesting and was highly appreciated by the large audience which gave him throughout the closest attention. The address of Mr. Coe was followed by extemporaneous talks by several old settlers and visitors who were present.

The program was interspersed by music by the Boys' Band and by songs given by Henry Horn and his family.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the following selections: President, General Richard M.

Hoxie; Vice-President, Joseph Walker; Secretary, H. J. Wieneke; Treasurer, O. A. Byington; Necrologist, Mrs. G. R. Irish.

The following Executive Committee was appointed to prepare for the annual gathering in 1917: Miss Elizabeth Irish, Emery Wescott, R. A. McChesney, Horace Sanders, J. J. Metzger, John McCollister.

The following is the statement of the finances of the Association for the preceding year, as shown by the Treasurer.

February 4th, 1916, Balance on hand....	\$21.00
September 18, 1916, membership and sale of annuals.....	64.65
December 19, 1916, sale of annuals.....	4.00
April 1st, 1917, sale of annuals and dues	10.30
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$99.95
July 31, 1916, Secretary postage and cards	\$ 1.80
September 16, 1916, expenses W. T. Coe	15.00
October 25, 1916, Economy Co. Publish- ing year book.....	57.50
November 3, 1916, music, Boy's Band....	15.00
Balance on hand	10.65
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$99.95

JANE KIRKWOOD

On September 1st, 1917 Mrs. Kirkwood, widow of Iowa's War Governor, will celebrate the ninety-sixth anniversary of her birth. The date of the annual gathering of the Old Settlers of Johnson County was appointed for August 30th in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Kirkwood, this being the

nearest convenient day of the week on which the meeting could be held.

Mrs. Kirkwood is living in hale old age in the Iowa City home occupied by her continuously for more than fifty years. The writer recently called upon this venerable lady at her home and found her in excellent health and spirits. Her mental faculties are unimpaired and her memory of dates is truly remarkable. She reads the daily papers and evinces an active interest in current events of the day.

Jane Clark Kirkwood was born near Mansfield, Ohio, on September 1st, 1821. She was married to Samuel J. Kirkwood on December 27th, 1843. She distinctly remembers the interesting incident that the wedding was to have been on Christmas Day but was delayed two days for the completion of the wedding suit of the groom. They made their home in Mansfield, Ohio, until 1855 when they removed to Iowa, settling on the farm over looking Coralville and which was occupied for many years by Ezekiel Clark. Governor Kirkwood engaged in milling—operating the grist mill at Coralville. He was engaged in this work when nominated and elected Governor of the State.

In 1864 they removed to the well known Kirkwood homestead in the southeastern part of Iowa City where Mrs. Kirkwood has ever since resided. The period of the history of our country covered by Mrs. Kirkwood's recollections is very extensive. She well remembers making bandages for the soldiers of the Mexican war, nearly seventy-five years ago. She also remembers of assisting in scraping lint for the making of clothing for the soldiers of that war. She has a distinct recollection of General Jackson. During the celebrated Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign in 1840, which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, Mrs. Kirkwood, then a young lady, remembers attending a political meeting in Mansfield addressed by General Harrison. That he stood in a wagon

in the midst of the crowd and held a reception prior to his speech which was delivered from the wagon.

At the time of removal to Iowa City the railroads had not been extended to our city and they came by way of Peoria, Muscatine and Davenport.

At the time of the civil war Mrs. Kirkwood was active in work for the soldiers. She donated linen and was active in promoting the comfort and welfare of men in the field.

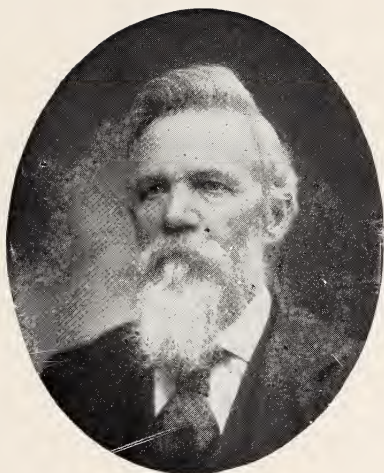
It is expected that Mrs. Kirkwood will be present at the Old Settler's reunion and it will be a great privilege to her countless friends and well-wishers to be present on that occasion and to greet this splendid lady who has been spared so long to the State.

Contributed by MISS ELIZABETH IRISH

OLD SETTLERS' BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO
HENRY J. WIENEKE ON HIS EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY

In paying their respects to Henry J. Wieneke, secretary of the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association, its members feel that a definite milestone has been reached in the history of their organization. In Mr. Wieneke, on his eightieth birthday, is witnessed a local personality, whose connection with Iowa City has little short of a romantic interest.

It was in the long ago, when Iowa was chiefly open prairie and virgin woodland, back in 1844, that little Henry came with his parents into territory that eventually developed into the great agricultural state of the west. Grown to manhood, in partnership with his brother, Henry opened a bakery, this being one of the very first of its kind in this part of the country. Ten years later he pursued the trade of cabinet-making.



HENRY J. WIENEKE

When a call to arms and patriotism was heard in 1861, our friend responded, enlisting in Company B, Fourteenth Iowa Infantry. In 1863 he was transferred to the Seventh Regiment, Iowa Cavalry, and saw active service in the Northwest, in conflict with the Indians. He fought in the big battle under General Sully, in the following year, this resulting in the expelling of the Sioux tribes from the section. He was mustered out late in the same year, 1864, and returned to his home in Iowa City, where he has conducted a stationery and general notion store ever since.

In the year 1884, Mr. Wieneke joined the Johnson County Old Settlers' Association, which had been founded about twenty years previously. He has been an ardent supporter of the organization, and having filled all the offices from president down. He is today Secretary. He was the originator of the building of the log cabins in the Fair Grounds, as well as the two new cabins in the City Park, the latter being the new home of the Old Settlers' Association.

In congratulating their old and constant friend, Henry J. Wieneke, on attaining four score years of life, his fellow settlers recognize one of the veteran residents of Johnson County, and one whose citizenship has contributed to Iowa City a long, useful and worthy career. Recognizing, too, the many and faithful services he has rendered the Old Settlers' Association for so long a period, it is their sincere wish that the good health he enjoys, and for which they are grateful may continue far into the years to come, and bring in its train all that makes life worth living for himself and others.

I'd like to have a birthday, too,
A day of joy and no regrets,
If I could have such luck as you,
Whom friends remember
And Time forgets.

IN MEMORIAM

By MRS. RUTH IRISH PRESTON

On October 16, 1916, at Dubuque, Iowa, occurred the death of Mrs. Thomas M. Irish who for twelve long years had been a great sufferer and closely confined to her home. Mrs. Irish, whose maiden name was Margaret Ryan, was born at Waterford, Ireland, Christmas Day, 1843, and was the eldest daughter of Mortimer Ryan and his wife, Mary Summers Ryan. They came to America in 1847, living for a time at Portland, Maine. But the call of the great West appealed to Mr. Ryan and he came on to Iowa City in the early fifties where he established his permanent home and became one of the city's most prominent business men. Here his children grew up and were educated and here Margaret graduated from the State University in 1865 and for a time was one of Iowa City's most successful teachers. In 1867 she was united in marriage to Prof. Thomas M. Irish who was the third son of Capt. F. M. Irish and had been through childhood and youth a neighbor and close friend of Margaret's.

Soon after their marriage Prof. and Mrs. Irish established their home in Dubuque, Iowa, where Prof. Irish was engaged in educational work. Here they reared their family whose lives were directed and blessed by Mrs. Irish's all absorbing love and devotion and here she endured the grief entailed by the loss of three of their children, bearing most bravely during her period of severe invalidism, the death of her eldest daughter Mary, a young woman of rare personal charm and Christian virtues.

Despite great physical disabilities that would have caused despair in one less firm in Christian faith Mrs. Irish to the last bore up bravely and uncomplainingly, filling in the hours of suffering by correspondence with absent



MRS. MARGARET IRISH

friends or in entertaining friends within the home where to the end she directed the affairs of her household and cheered the members of her family circle with her supreme courage and hope.

Thus, for a period of nearly fifty years was the life of Mrs. Irish a real benediction to her husband and children and an example to the world of a true Christian womanhood.

THE OLD SETTLERS' MOURN DEATH OF
MRS. SARAH L. FELLOWS, A BELOVED
PIONEER OF IOWA CITY, IOWA

Great sadness reigned in many Iowa City homes, when the death of Mrs. Sarah L. Fellows on July 14, was announced.

She was eighty-one years of age on December 19, 1916.

She was a daughter of S. G. Matson a member of the Iowa Constitutional Convention, and a native of Vermont.

Mrs. Fellows was the widow of the late Stephen N. Fellows, who came with her to Iowa City in 1868 to become a member of the University faculty—with which he was connected two decades. Dr. Fellows was a pioneer clergyman filling numerous Iowa pulpits early in his career, and in late years, after leaving the University, occupying pastorates at Waterloo and other points.

The officiating clergyman at the funeral services was Rev. R. D. Parsons of Mt. Vernon, Iowa—who was pastor of the Methodist Church in Iowa City in pioneer days.

Mrs. Fellows was a leader for many years, in the Methodist Church, and she affiliated with many of the enthusiastic and efficient organizations, wherein she served helpfully,

and her deeds of charity and mercy were sown throughout the community. She was at one time a prominent President of the W. C. T. U.

Surviving to mourn this "good mother in Israel" are one daughter and two sons, Miss Ora Fellows of Iowa City; Albion N. Fellows, of New York City, an alumnus of the College of Liberal Arts, Class of 1878; and Olin S. Fellows, of Middletown, N. Y., S. U. I. Liberal Arts 1880.

The old settlers will mourn the loss of their pioneer friend, Mrs. Fellows.

THE VOICE OF OTHER DAYS

(A Favorite Poem of Dr. S. N. Fellows)

How oft has life's unseen events
O'turned our hopes of bliss,
And gathered to another world
The friends we loved in this.
And even now when they are gone,
Whom fancy oft portrays,
Upon the soul there seems to roll
The voice of other days.

We love to join with wild delight
The circles of the young,
And yield our tribute there to swell
The magic of the tongue.
But ah! we lose our mirthfulness
And all our joy decays,
When from the past there comes at last
The voice of other days.

We love to labor—labor here,
We love to toil—toil on,
For so did they, who now from earth
To their reward have gone.
Yet oft we turn aside to weep
•At Fate's uncertain ways,
When o'er us comes, like muffled drums,
The voice of other days.

Our friends prove false and oft we feel
Desponding and alone,
When not a kindred spirit gives
The smile we love to own.
But ever thus—when we are sad,
And gloom around us plays,
To cheer us then, there comes again,
The voice of other days.

Who spoke such kind and gentle words
With us upon his knee?
And sooth'd our little throbbing hearts?
Our Father, where is he?
Gone—gone, and yet there often comes,
Our drooping hearts to raise,
From out the mist of scenes like this,
The voice of other days.

Oh, where is now that noble form?
Our brother, where art thou?
Within the wide Pacific's vale
Thy dust reposeth now.
Sad—sad to us that vale still seems,
Which shines with golden rays,
It bringeth back, our souls to rack,
The voice of other days.

And where, alas, that gentle one
Who sooth'd our pain and fear?
Thou too art gone, and we must mourn
Our mother kind and dear.
But oft we feel upon us steal,
That every feeling sways,
The cadence soft we've heard so oft,
The voice of other days.

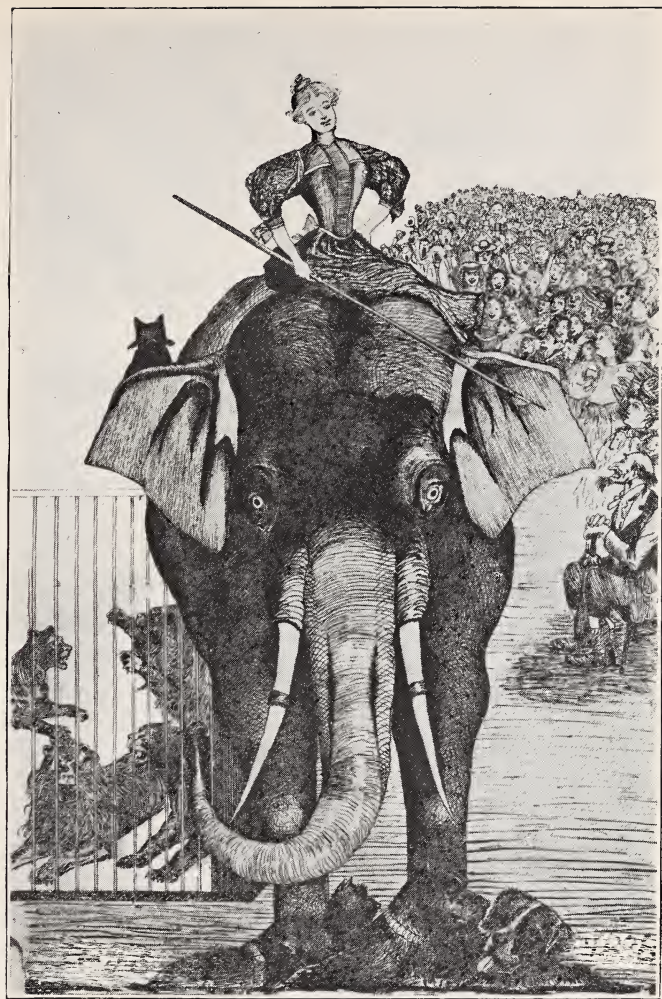
How cold this world to us appears,
When no sweet voice is heard,
To claim our triumphs and to speak
A kind approving word!
But ah! when all we are below
Stern Death in ruin lays,
We'll hear once more, as oft of yore,
The voice of other days.

AMUSEMENTS OF PIONEER DAYS

Narrated by MRS. S. A. IRISH

The American people have ever been fond of sports and amusements and the pioneers, despite their severe toil and many deprivations, were no exception to this rule.

The catch-penny shows for their day were few and far between and greatly enjoyed, when they came, by both old and young. Of these amusements of pioneer days the Indian dances and the cross-country shows drew the biggest crowds and were the greatest thrillers. A band of Sac and Fox Indians, whose camp was on the Iowa River south of the James McCollister farm, used to come up to Iowa City not infrequently, and, for a purse would give their grotesque corn dance, fox trot, and war dance.



A FACSIMILE OF YE OLDEN TIME CIRCUS OF 1848
BY THE LATE GEN. CHAS. W. IRISH

The war dance was wild in the extreme and served for weeks afterward as a basis of bad nightmares for children, as well as outlandish pranks for half grown boys. But the real event of the summer season for both old and young, then as now, was the coming of the show. In 1848 one came and set up its attractive tents on the ground near to the State House, now the central building of the State University group.

The pioneer children and their parents enjoyed this circus immensely. The frisky monkeys, talking parrots, and many strange animals found beneath the canvas, as well as the powerful elephants that beseechingly held out their trunks to little children for proffered cookies and candy were all objects of great interest and curiosity, but the thing that made the big audience hold its sides in uncontrollable laughter was the jolly clown.

The pioneer circus had no double ring and that clown furnished themes enough for conversation and antidotes for blues to last the community until the circus came again next year. And come it did with all of its wonderful attractions, even to the short skirted girl—then so rare a specimen that she could only be found in the circus ring riding two bare-backed horses at once, a foot on the back of either as they sped along at break-neck speed, while she ever and anon would jump through a paper covered hoop held in her path by a clown and land each time safely on the backs of her steeds without the loss of a moment or a tear of her tinsel gown.

The coming of the show across country in pioneer days before there were railroads was a great event. The caravan of heavily loaded and gayly decorated wagons drawn by strong and beautiful horses was a magnificent sight to every one and especially to the children who were fortunate

enough to live within seeing distance of the road over which the caravan traveled. Then, too, the elephants and camels that lumbered along in the grand procession added much to the interest of the caravan, especially when on bad roads when mud was deep and heavy and the horses would stick with their loads. Then the elephants would be brought up to give service by helping to get the loads out of the mire.

I recall one such occasion when the wagons were stalled in fording the Iowa river at the old ford just above the Burlington street bridge. The monster elephant was called to the rescue. He walked majestically into the water and with a display of calmness and great good sense lifted and pushed on the wagons while the horses pulled. Soon all were safely landed on the west side of the river and were wending their way up the Fletcher hill enroute to Marengo, their next stop.

The circuses of Pioneer days attracted people for miles around, just as they do in these days and not a few of the jokes that made the folk of that day and generation laugh are still considered by the generation of today "too funny for anything." And such indeed was my experience when I accepted, in company with some other little girls, an invitation to ride around the circus ring on the elephant's back at one of the performances of the circus in 1849. The ring was about where the S. U. I. Science building now stands and we youngsters certainly had the time of our lives in those few moments of adventurous ride. I think the fact that we realized that we should be the envy of all our playmates for months to come sustained us through that trying ordeal when we felt that the gaze of hundreds in that large audience was focused upon us as we rolled and jolted along.

Little did I then dream that I was being watched by the youth that later on should make me his life's partner, but

so it was, and in later years it was his delight to tease me telling our friends that the first time he met the girl whom he chose for a wife she was riding the elephant in a circus. Many years after the event when we were gray-headed grandparents, my husband made a beautiful pen and ink sketch of a young woman riding an elephant in the circus before a throng of people who were gazing up at her admiringly. This sketch of "My Wife when I First Saw Her" he photographed and presented copies of it to relatives and a few friends who understood the joke.

I do not recall the name of the show that came to Iowa City in 1848, but in 1853 or '54 Yankee Robinson came along with his big menagerie and he brought a greater number of strange animals than had ever been seen before west of the Mississippi. The elephant with this show was called Betsy. She was a huge creature and possessed of great sense and a tremendous capacity for food as I had ample opportunity to discover, for she tarried a while in our garden having dropped behind the large caravan one night as it passed our house on its way to Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Wiggs in the cabbage patch could never have created such a commotion and devastation as did Betsy. Early in the morning following circus day we were awakened by a terrific sound which proved to be Betsy trumpeting, perhaps giving thanks for a full stomach. At least that was what we thought when, startled from our dreams by her sonorous voice, we rushed to our windows to discover that she had taken down a span of our rail fence and had laid the garden bare. Not a vestige of cabbage or sweet corn was left and between her trumpeting she was devouring our sweet potatoes. Scared almost to death, I, who had bravely ridden on the back of one of her compatriots, stepped timidly forth upon the porch to shoo the pachyderm away. But I hurriedly retraced my steps for she raised her head and trunk

in a way that warned me that it was not yet time to bring the crumb brush and tray to the feast.

The only man on the place at the time had to leave my sister and me alone with her majesty while he, by devious windings in and out, behind the barn, and back through a neighbor's corn field, and thence out through the woods to the Dubuque road, came at last upon Betsy's keeper sound asleep upon the road where he had fallen from his horse and relaxed his hold upon Betsy when overcome by weariness. The attendant, when aroused by our man, very courteously returned with him and after viewing the wreckage of our garden, paid *five* dollars for the damage, then turning to Betsy said, "Come, we must go or we will be too late for you to do your part in the circus at the Rapids." Betsy, without a murmur or a moment of hesitation, turned and followed him peacefully down the road. Thus together vanished forever the treasures from our garden and the wise old elephant. She, departing, left her footprints upon the sands of the Dubuque road, and they were so firmly impressed that many of them could still be seen there the following summer and it was great fun for us youngsters to run along the road hunting Betsy's tracks on our way to school.

Yankee Robinson's show gave way to that of P. T. Barnum's and he introduced many circus rings and many clowns into the performances. But time and space are too brief for me to say anything of this "Greatest Show on Earth" except that Buffalo Bill began his "Wild West" show as part of Barnum's attractions. I doubt not there are many old settlers beside myself who still recall his buffalo hunt given in the big tent that caused such a commotion when one of the buffaloes broke from the ring and charged in among the audience. Women fainted—children screamed—pick-pockets plied their trade! When quiet was

restored many of the audience found themselves divested of their cash or other valuables. I lost a fine new wrap on this occasion, which caused me to resolve "Never to go to a circus again, unless I had to take my grand-children."

What a comforting cloak grand-children are, anyway, when a show comes to town!

NECROLOGICAL REPORT

JOHNSON COUNTY OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION

AUGUST, 1916

NAME	AGE	DATE	NAME	AGE	DATE
Thomas L. Bolton.....	39	23	George Randall	70	—
Ellen Augusta Price.....	44	14			

SEPTEMBER, 1916

Fred Atkins	60	3	Samuel D. Green.....	69	22
Alexander Grace	62	3	Rev. William Bayard Craig	70	15
N. W. Cotton.....	85	3	Mrs. Alexander Norison....	96	23
J. F. Luse.....	55	18	Mrs. Joseph Dvorsky.....	—	24
Mrs. Margaret Reese.....	86	21	Edward White	69	30

OCTOBER, 1916

William Craig Wilcox.....	49	5	Mrs. Jacob McVey.....	82	16
John Douglass	85	6	Mrs. Sarah Jack Eaton....	71	5
E. M. Stevens.....	63	8	Matt Carson	77	27
Mrs. John Tucker.....	61	8	Mrs. Martha McClelland...	98	29
George S. Warren.....	62	10	Mrs. Agnes McElwain Burge		
Mrs. Thos. M. Irish.....	74	16		72	29
Mrs. Kate Melicher.....	89	16	Mrs. C. B. McLaughlin....	78	29
Mrs. Delia Eppel Chapek...	47	14			

The Old Settlers' Association of

NOVEMBER, 1916

NAME	AGE	DATE	NAME	AGE	DATE
Jacob Hotz	63	1	Simeon A. Lombard.....	72	9
Mrs. James Dvorsky.....	59	3	Adam Amish	84	17
David Jayne	72	4	John T. Struble.....	88	27
Orland J. Gowey.....	66	6	Mrs. H. D. Sumner.....	80	28
Herman Holcher	48	9	John Jack	74	3
Geo. H. Van Patten.....	84	14	Mrs. Catherine Green.....	86	29
Mrs. David Croy.....	48	9	William Fry	66	26

DECEMBER, 1916

Mrs. Joseph Hedges.....	—	3	Mrs. L. A. Clearman.....	64	24
Geo. Eden	52	—	Mrs. Lawrence Ford.....	85	27
Mathias Maher	89	30	Mrs. Josephine Gordon....	66	28
Mrs. Mary Warey Troyer...	83	21	Balser Hormel	86	24

JANUARY, 1917

Mrs. Rose Apitz.....	75	5	Jos. Daniel Long.....	33	15
Mrs. Wm. Kindle.....	35	7	John D. Colony.....	82	15
Mrs. Jennie Hobbs Robotham			D. Rummelhart	82	15
	79	7	Jos. Dolish	85	20
Mrs. M. F. Shaffer.....	73	6	Mrs. Mary Stiner.....	85	22
Mrs. Anna B. Spevacek....	70	7	Mrs. Catherine Reilly.....	88	22
Mrs. Sarah Startser.....	84	5	Henry J. Evers.....	83	29
Mary Phillips	77	14	Joseph Buchmayer	77	29

FEBRUARY, 1917

Mrs. Jennie Williams Hardy	70	1	Lester McKray	90	12
Mrs. Mary Gallagher.....	84	2	Dr. J. B. Carder.....	65	15
Mrs. Ellen G. McClain.....	—	3	W. A. Rohret.....	60	24
Mrs. Elizabeth Weldy.....	91	5	William H. Slaughter.....	80	15
Mrs. Ella Trotter Gaymon..	67	5	Joseph A. Lutz.....	60	26
Mrs. Kate Ham Fordyce...	86	2	Norton Wical	50	2
Mrs. Kate Beecher Shay...	48	11	Mrs. Lenora E. Beeny....	29	27
Martin Wanick	90	12			

MARCH, 1917

Mrs. E. B. Wilson.....	41	2	Samuel Hughes	86	3
Henry Jacob	65	3	Mrs. Martha Jane Harrison	84	22
Martin Hudachek	82	4	Mrs. Mary Donovan.....	58	25
Chas. Springer	82	8	Frank Chansky	64	24
Mrs. Minnie Cherry.....	73	12	Henry A. Huffman.....	54	27
Henry Jayne	70	6	Mrs. Mollie Shipton Gullet.	56	11
John Stadler	80	14	Mrs. Caroline Fankhouser..	81	27
Joseph Wray	71	15	Thos. O. Thomas.....	85	30
Chas. Summers	45	6	Ida Ronan	45	30
Mrs. Augusta Amelon.....	61	6			

Johnson County, Iowa

19

APRIL, 1917

NAME	AGE	DATE	NAME	AGE	DATE
Mrs. Frank Anthony.....	33	3	Frederick Theobald	79	24
Mrs. Michael Gilroy.....	73	9	Mrs. Sylvester Wombacher..	65	24
Elmer F. Clapp.....	74	12	Mrs. Pardon Alderman....	68	24
Mrs. A. B. Cree.....	72	11	Mrs. Fila Cutler Ady.....	84	26
Geo. Keppler	88	15	Rufus M. Bixby, Sr.....	86	26
Winfield Denton	69	19	Mrs. Sarah Johnson.....	70	9

MAY, 1917

Mrs. Clara Stone Sanxay...	67	1	Isaac M. Emmons.....	69	11
Mrs. Emily H. Wellman....	61	7	John Ringland	65	5
Miss Louise Frances Lloyd..	63	4	Mrs. Ada Sangster Kennard	64	22
Mrs. Pauline Keppler Schaedler			Mrs. Peter Musser.....	73	23
	55	5	Charles E. Colony.....	83	24
Mrs. L. M. Lawyer, Sr.....	74	7	Wm. P. Connors.....	68	—
Mrs. Anna Zenishek.....	92	8	Olive Mae Seydel.....	21	26

JUNE, 1917

Joseph Heisman, Sr.....	75	3	James Gorman	95	25
Jas. W. Klema.....	67	10	John Cogan	84	—
Frank H. Herring.....	55	9	Douglas Williams	56	23
Chas. Westfall	55	15	Albert Frederic Drews....	72	26
Mrs. Hessia Cook.....	75	12	Mrs. Chris Senner.....	65	30
Geo. Windess	83	19	S. A. Hochstedler.....	—	24

JULY, 1917

Clifford M. Huff.....	35	5	Lewis Miller	77	26
Mrs. Geo. Powell.....	81	9	Dennis Maloney	97	26
Prof. Nathan R. Leonard..	85	8	Michael Kenny	63	30
Jas. M. Mathews.....	70	10	Mrs. Anna Jeannette Harkness		
F. A. Forbes.....	55	12		63	29
Mrs. Sarah Fellows.....	82	14			

AUGUST, 1917

Frank Parizek	71	5	Mrs. Celestia E. Wilson....	77	10
Peter Zahner	75	9			

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) MRS. G. R. IRISH.

